



ME ARC  
CHARLES STARRETT *ad*

*The*  
**DURANGO  
KID**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





FOR THE MOST PART, THE BATTLE AGAINST OWLHOOT TERROR IN THE OLD WEST WAS CARRIED OUT TO THE TUNE OF BARKING SIX-GUNS AND POUNDING FISTS. BUT THERE WAS **ANOTHER WEAPON** AND THE BRAVEST OF MEN CRINGED TO SEE IT IN THE HANDS OF A MASTER. THIS WAS THE DEADLY

*Whiplash*

RECKON YUH'RE RIGHT, WHIP SLADE-THAR'S A RICH VEIN O' GOLD RUNNIN' RIGHT THROUGH THIS HORSE HOLLOW!

ONLY TROUBLE IS—HORSE HOLLOW BELONGS TO THUM INTUNS! WE GOTTA FIND SOME WAY TUH GIT OUR HANDS ON IT!





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID



NEXT MORNING... AT HORSE HOLLOW!



BUT, SUDDENLY — ACROSS THE PLAINS A HORSEMAN COMES RIDING! IT IS **THE DURANGO KID** — FEARLESSLY CUTTING IN BETWEEN THE TWO FORCES!





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID







**B**LOOD WAS THICKER THAN WATER IN THE TOWN OF SKULL GAP—AND A HEAP SIGHT MORE PLentiful! IT WAS THE KIND OF PLACE THAT WENT TO SLEEP OR DEATH TO THE STACCATO LULLABY OF A SIX-GUN SONG THAT SANG ITS CRASHING DANCE FROM DAWN TO DUSK! IT WAS WILD, ALL RIGHT—AND IT LIVED THE GRIM LAW OF A JUNGLE—TILL **THE DURANGO KID** CAME ALONG TO

## "Write the Law in Gunsmoke!"

STEVE BRAND TOPHAND EXTRAORDINARY, AND HIS SIDEKICK, MULEY PIKE, ARE DRIFTING SOUTH.

THAT'S A SIGN POST UP YONDER, STEVE. SHORE HOPIN' THAT MEANS THAT'S A TOWN NEARBY!



IT'S A TOWN ALL RIGHT! WHATCHA SAY, STEVE? HOW ABOUT HIDIN' YORE HORSE, RAIDER, AN' YORE DURANGO OUTFIT IN THEM ROCKY HILLS OVER THAR—AN' GIT US INTUH TOWN FER A SPELL? BEEN LIVIN' OFF THUM RANGE NIGH ONTO TWO WEEKS NOW!

WOULDN'T MIND SLEEP-ING IN A GOOD BED MYSELF FOR A CHANGE. OKAY, PARDNER—YOU SOLD ME!



RAIDER AND "DURANGO KID" EQUIPMENT ARE CAREFULLY HIDDEN IN A CAVE...

LET'S GO! I'M GONING TO SINK MYSELF INTO A HOT BATH, FIRST THING!

HOW ABOUT MAKING ME A PROMISE, STEVE? LET'S JUST BE TWO DRIFTIN' SADDLE-TRAMPs—NO MORE, NO FIGHT-ING, NO NUTHIN'—JEST RESTIN'!





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID

I'M SIMMONS—FATHER O' THIS HERE YOUNG LADY YUH PERFECTED. I'M THANKIN' YUH—AS CHAIRMAN O' OUR SECRET CITIZENS' COMMITTEE FER LAW AN' ORDER!



MINGO'S THUH BIGGEST RANCHER IN THESE PARTS. OWNED EVERY-THING IN SIGHT—AT LEAST, 'TILL THUH GOVERNMENT OPENED UP THIS STRIP FER SETTLIN'. HIM AN' HIS HIRED GUNNIES ARE TERRORIZIN' THUH WHOLE COUNTRY...



WE GOT A CITIZENS COMMITTEE THUH CHALLENGE MINGO—BUT THUH PEOPLE ARE STILL SKEERED. THEY NEED A **STRONG MAN** THUH LEAD 'EM...



WHUT WE NEED IS SOMEBODY LIKE YUH—OR, EVEN BETTER YET—SOMEBODY LIKE **THE DURANGO KID**! PEOPLE WOULD BE WILLIN' THUH FIGHT IF THEY KNEW **HE** WUZ SIDIN' US!



SIMMONS, I THINK I CAN GET YOUR MAN!

I WANT YOU TO CALL A MEETING OF THE LEADERS OF THIS TOWN. MY GUESS IS THAT YOU'LL BE IN FOR A HAPPY SURPRISE!

SUITS ME! WE'LL ALL BE AT MY HOUSE!



LATER THAT NIGHT

EASY, RAIDER BOY! SOON AS I GET THIS DURANGO CUT-FIT ON, WE RIDE!



**WHICE NEW BEER!**

AND, AS THE DURANGO KID THUNDERS BACK TO TOWN...

EVENING, GENTLEMEN! I WASN'T EXACTLY INVITED, BUT I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ANYWAY!

**MINGO!**





# THE DURANGO KID



THAT'S ME! DIDN'T THINK I'D FIND OUT ABOUT THIS MEETING, DID YOU?...I'LL BE REAL EASY WITH YOU MEN—IF YOU PACK UP THIS COMMITTEE OF YOURS AND GO HOME LIKE NICE BOYS!



NOTHIN' DOIN', MINGO! WE AIN'T YORE "BOYS"! WE'RE HERE TUH STAY!

IN THAT CASE, GENTLEMEN—I REGRET THAT I WILL HAVE TO KILL YOU!



YEEEEOW!!



YOU CAN RUN THAT RANCH OF YOURS, MINGO—BUT YOU CAN'T RUN THIS TOWN! GUNSMOKE LAW IS OUT! IT'S EITHER YOU OR US!

SO—IT'S WAR! EH? THAT SUITS ME FINE DURANGO!



I CAN MAKE WAR, TOO, DURANGO! I'M COMING BACK HERE IN THE MORNING WITH ALL MY GUNSLINGERS—AND IF YOU FOOLS HAVEN'T COME TO YOUR SENSES BY THEN, IT'LL BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU, MINGO!



ALL NIGHT DURANGO RIDES THE PLAINS.

SETTLERS! COWMEN! MEN OF THE FREE PLAINS! DEFEND YOUR HOMES! WIPE OUT OWLHOOT TERROR! GET INTO TOWN RIGHT NOW AND JOIN THE ALL-OUT FIGHT AGAINST MINGO AND HIS ROTTEN BROOD!

YAHOO! IT'S DURANGO! HE'S SIDIN' WITH US! MARTHA—GO GIT ME MUR RIFLE!



YEP, DURANGO'S WITH US—SEEN 'IM MYSELF! BEEN WAITIN' A LONG TIME FER THIS!

GONNA MAKE THIS LAND SAFE FER OUR KIDS AN WOMEN—THAT'S WHUT!

GIT MOVIN' NEIGHBORS—GONNA RIDE MINGO OUT! THAT'S WHUT!



# THE DURANGO KID





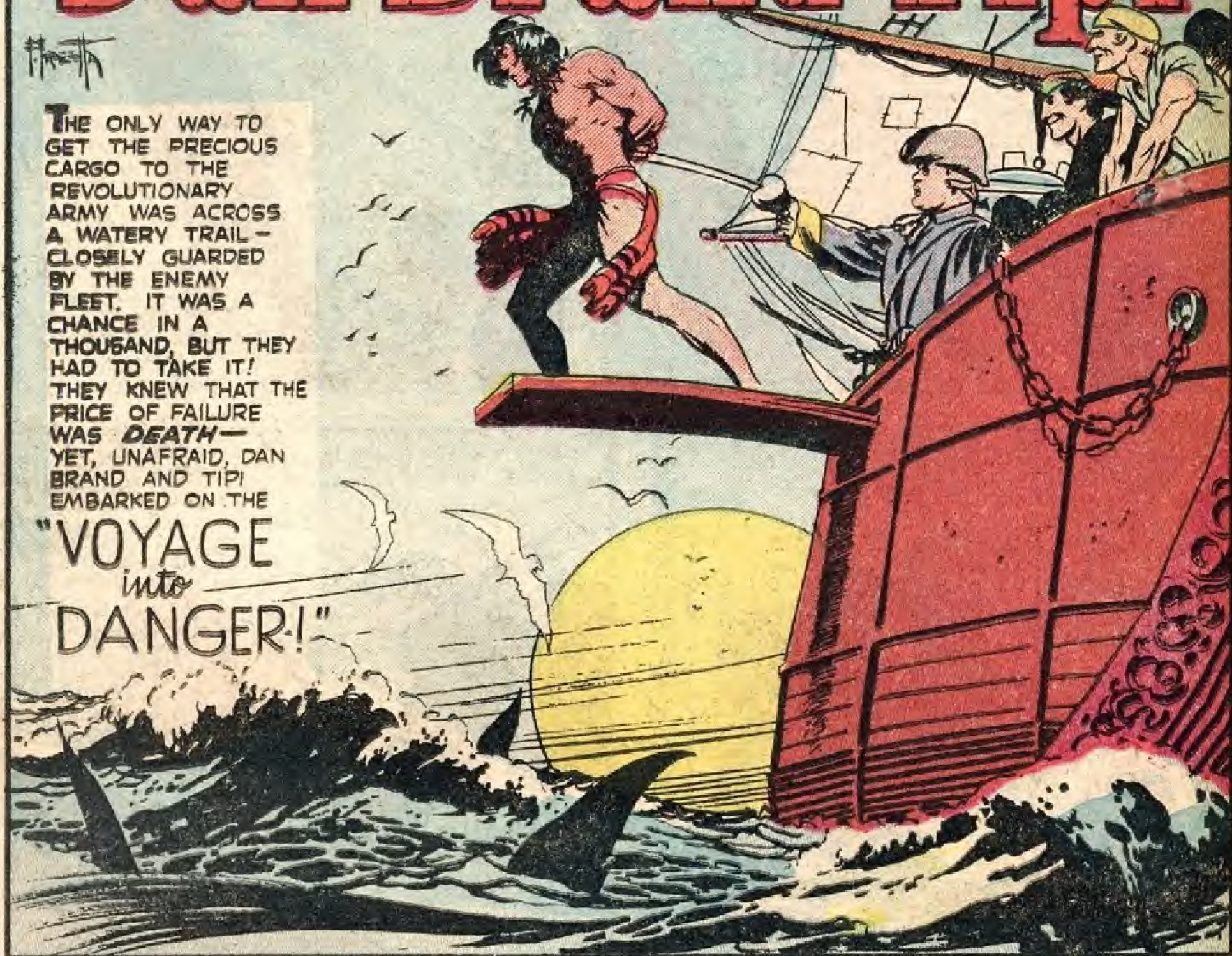
# THE DURANGO KID





# Dan Brand and Tipi

THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE PRECIOUS CARGO TO THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY WAS ACROSS A WATERY TRAIL—CLOSELY GUARDED BY THE ENEMY FLEET. IT WAS A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND, BUT THEY HAD TO TAKE IT! THEY KNEW THAT THE PRICE OF FAILURE WAS **DEATH**—YET, UNAFRAID, DAN BRAND AND TIPI EMBARKED ON THE "VOYAGE *into* DANGER!"



A TINY FISHING VILLAGE —  
SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF PHILADELPHIA...



CAPTAIN  
HAWKINS?

AT YOUR SERVICE, DAN BRAND!  
WHAT IS THE  
PURPOSE OF  
THIS SECRET  
MEETING?

THOSE CRATES ARE FILLED WITH  
NEW RIFLES, CAPTAIN. THEY **MUST**  
GET TO THE MINUTE MEN OF NEW  
ENGLAND! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO  
HAUL THEM NORTH BY LAND FOR  
THE BRITISH ARMY  
IS ON ALL ROADS—  
AND THIS FREIGHT  
IS HEAVY TO  
HANDLE...

I UNDERSTAND. THEY  
WILL HAVE TO BE  
SHIPPED BY SEA—  
THROUGH THE BRITISH  
BLOCKADE! A DANGER-  
OUS PROPOSITION, DAN  
BRAND...



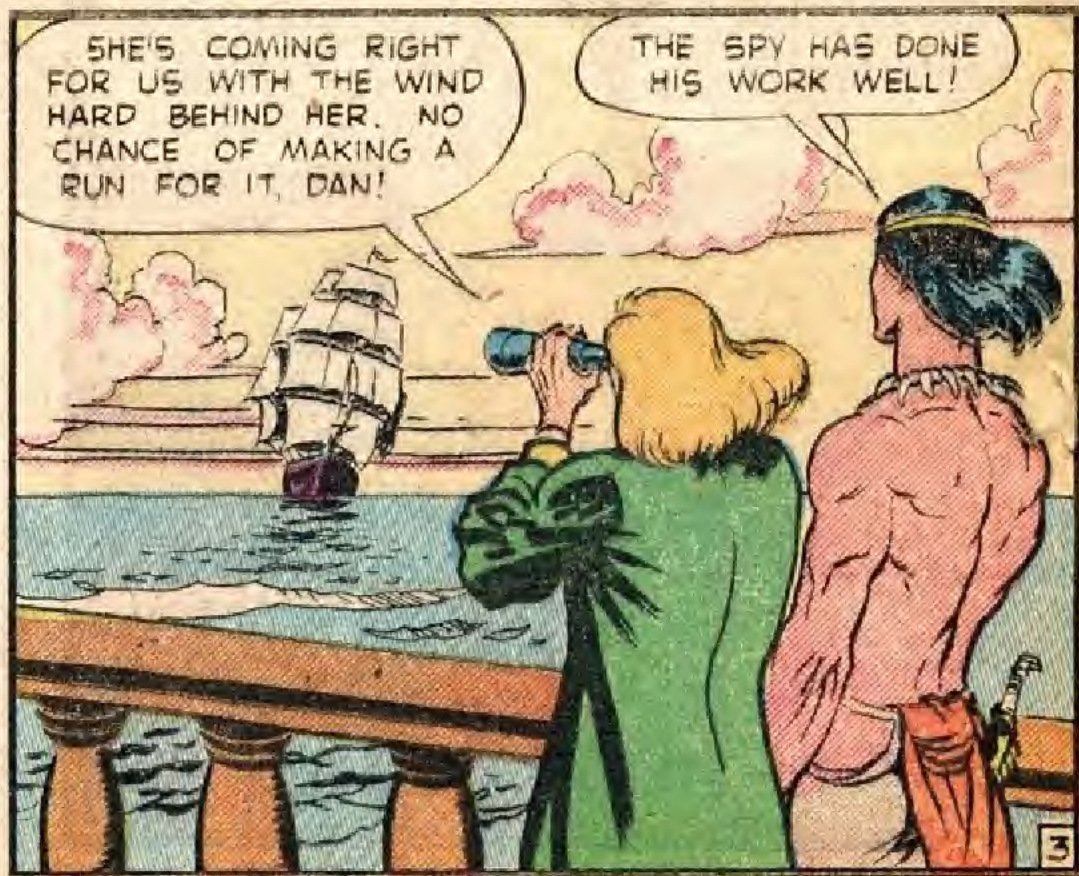


# THE DURANGO KID



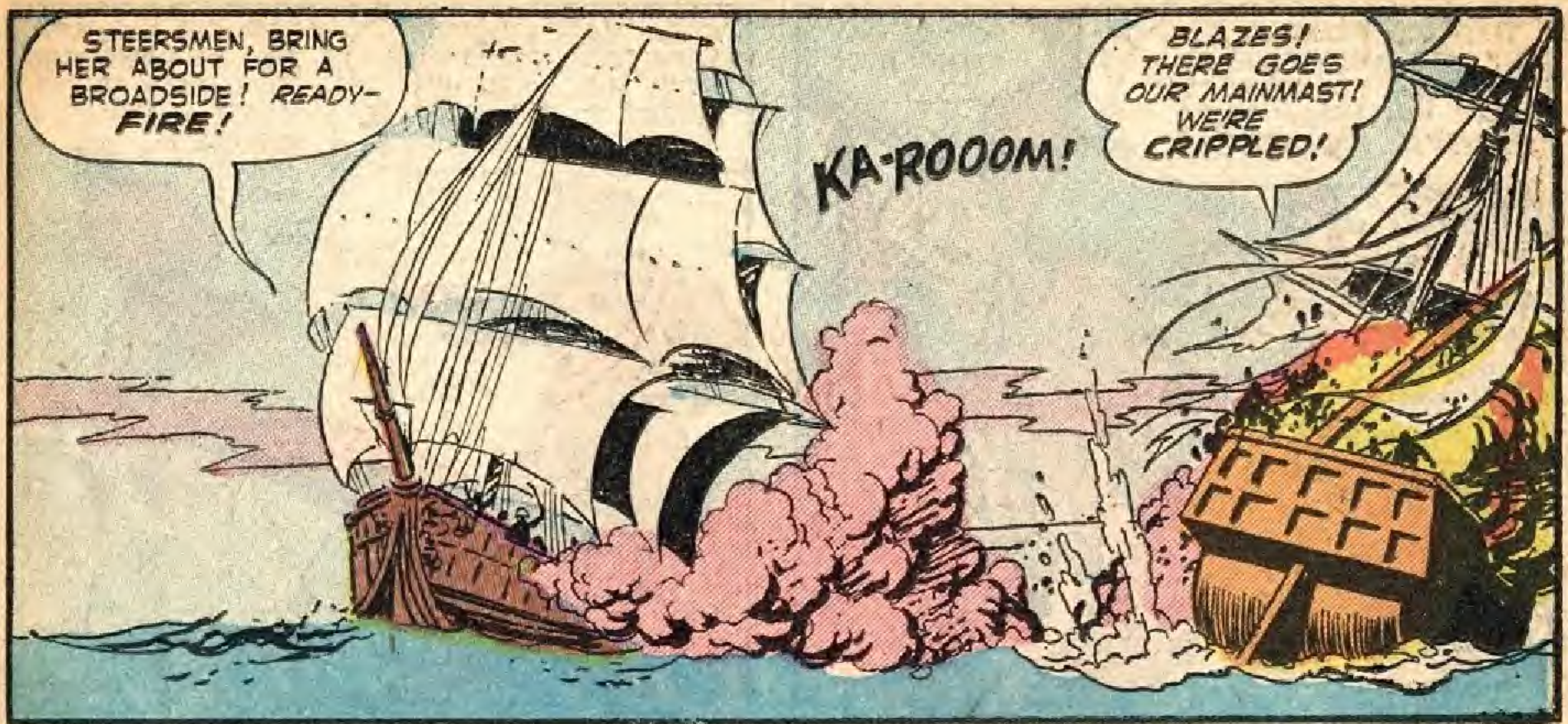


# THE DURANGO KID





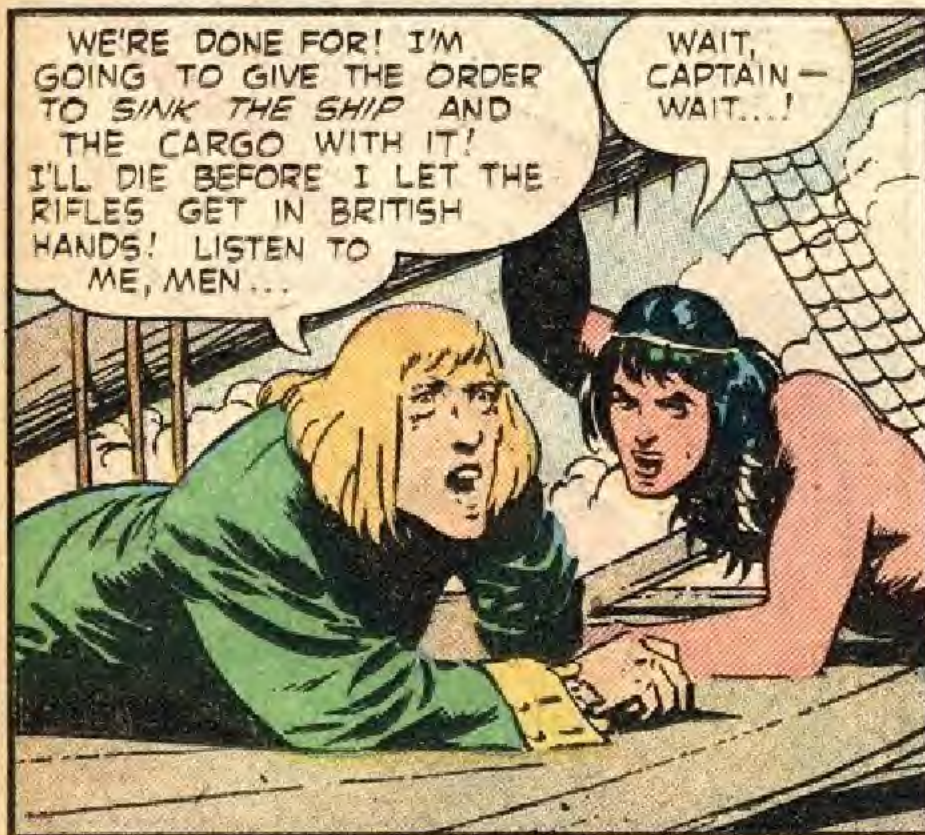
# THE DURANGO KID



STEERSMEN, BRING HER ABOUT FOR A BROADSIDE! READY-FIRE!

KA-ROOOM!

BLAZES! THERE GOES OUR MAINMAST! WE'RE CRIPPLED!



WE'RE DONE FOR! I'M GOING TO GIVE THE ORDER TO SINK THE SHIP AND THE CARGO WITH IT! I'LL DIE BEFORE I LET THE RIFLES GET IN BRITISH HANDS! LISTEN TO ME, MEN...

WAIT, CAPTAIN — WAIT...!



I SAY **NO!** CAPTAIN — SURRENDER THIS SHIP!

WHAT? HAVE YOU GONE SOFT, DAN — ARE YOU AFRAID TO DIE FOR LIBERTY? I'LL NEVER SURRENDER!



THEN I WILL! ... **AHOY THERE, WARSHIP — WE SURRENDER!**

DAN BRAND, YOU'RE A COWARD AND A TRAITOR! IF THE BRITISH DON'T KILL YOU FIRST, I WILL!



LATER...

A FINE CATCH, I MUST SAY! RAW-THER! TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY CRATES OF RIFLES — AND, FOR A PRISONER, THE GREAT DAN BRAND HIMSELF! WHAT A BLOOMING TRIUMPH!



# THE DURANGO KID



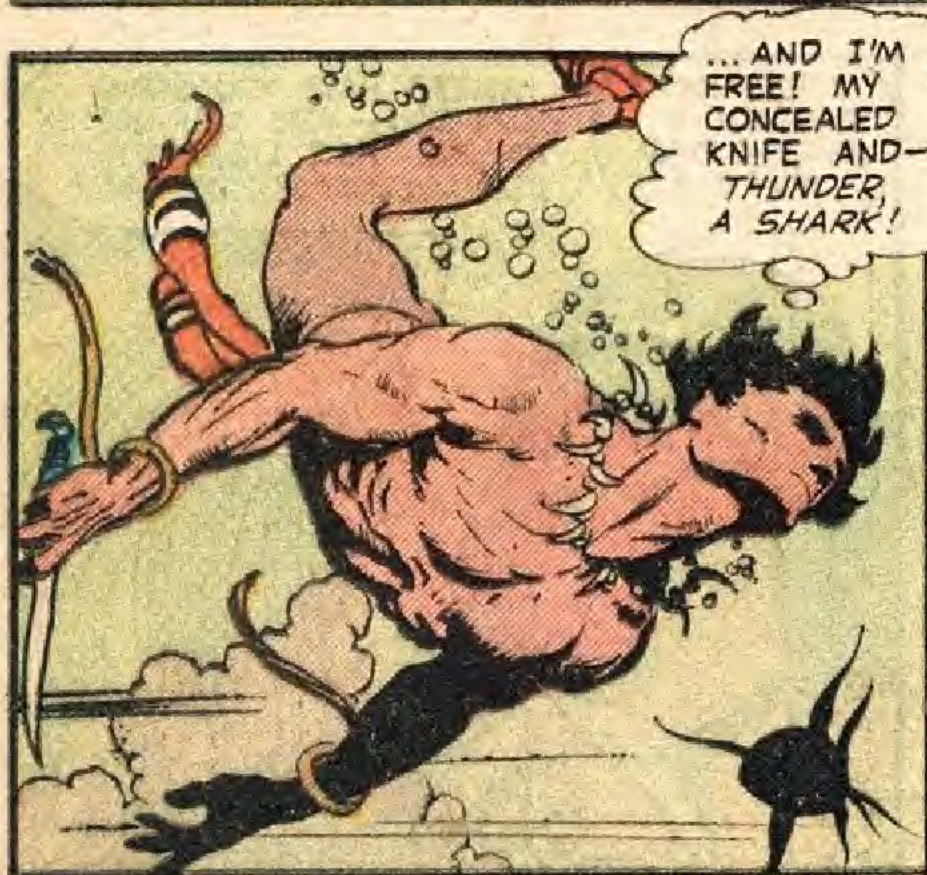
THIS DAN BRAND IS A BIT TOO DANGEROUS A PRISONER TO HOLD! I'LL MAKE HIM WALK THE PLANK!... SEIZE HIM!

SERVES HIM RIGHT, TOO!



YOU'LL MAKE LUSCIOUS SHARK FOOD, BRAND. MEN, SHOOT HIM WHEN HE COMES TO THE SURFACE, JUST TO MAKE SURE!

TIP! DID A CLEVER JOB ON THOSE ROPES. THEY THINK MY HANDS ARE TIED, BUT ONCE UNDER WATER...



... AND I'M FREE! MY CONCEALED KNIFE AND-THUNDER, A SHARK!



CLOSE! BUT THIS MAY TURN OUT TO BE A LUCKY BREAK!



AH, SEE THAT BLOOD! HAW-HAW! THE SHARKS HAVE ALREADY DONE THEIR WORK! THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL EVER SEE OF DAN BRAND! SET SAIL!



NOR' BY NOR'EAST, STEERSMEN! WE MUST REPORT TO THE REST OF THE FLEET!

AYE, AYE, SIR! STEADY AS SHE GOES!

BUT - CLINGING TO THE RUDDER...

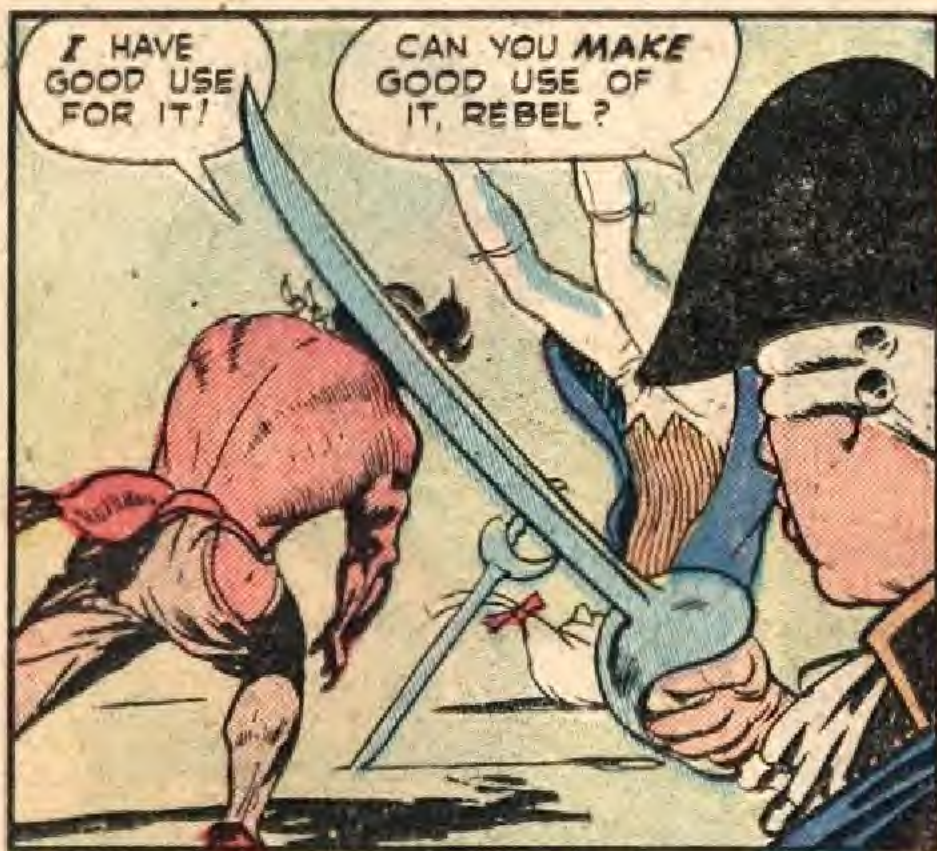


SO FAR, SO GOOD...











# THE DURANGO KID







THE THIN PLUME of smoke lifted upward from the red sandstone bluff. The man crouched in the shadows of a pinon watched it with narrowed eyes. His tongue came out to lick at his dry lips, as cold terror ran its way down his spine beneath the faded blue shirt. "Apaches," he told the dry New Mexico air. "On the war trail—and me with a dead horse—and no bullet for my gun!"

He had been out prospecting in the Dragoons, hunting gold. He had a few nuggets in a leather bag at his waist, enough to make his trip into these mountains well worth while, if he could make it back to the post—with his scalp still on his head!

Zeke Gibbons shook his tawney head, wrinkles of worry furling his forehead. Without a horse, without a gun to fight his way out of a trap, his chances of saving that scalp were almost nil. Gibbons had seen what Apaches did to the men they caught. He had seen men hung over a slow fire, tied upside down to a wagonwheel. He had seen other things, even less pretty than what was left of the men after the fire had burned its way out.

He set out at a slow trot along the narrow trail that looped around the mesaland. He carried a rifle in his right hand, a rifle whose chamber and magazine were empty. At his right side hung a long hunting knife in a fringed sheath. *If I can keep out of sight, maybe I can make it.*

The sun poured down with terrific fury. It slid over the wide brim of his soft hat to beat down on his shoulders; it was an exhausting weight on his back. It slowed his feet and numbed his muscles.

Gibbons came to a bend in the trail. Ten feet below the trail went on. If he could get down to that lower trail, he would save himself hours of travel. But he would make himself a prime target against the sky for keen Apache eyes.

He shrugged and went to his knees. *I make it or I don't*, he told himself. He dug the long blade of his knife into the loose soil and dug with a toe at a protruding rock.

Midway down the face of the cliff he heard the yell.

It froze his blood, for it came from deep in the belly, and ululated out from a throbbing Apache throat. Something came, and whined high overhead and then he heard the flat, dull report of a Winchester sounding across the flats.

"They've seen me," Gibbons grated between his teeth. "Now they'll be coming this way on their ponies and —"

He choked off his words. No need to waste breath on the empty air. He would need all that breath for running. And then he felt solid rock under his moccasin and he lowered himself to the ledge.

He ran into the approaching dusk with long strides, moving steadily downward toward the flats. He was planning ahead, knowing the Apaches would be coming for him. Night was only two hours away. It was dry and cool at night, a good time to travel, once he was off the mesa.

Gibbons found a tiny spring and lay on his belly, drinking carefully, storing up the wetness against the coming darkness. He rolled over and lay on his back, limp, letting his muscles ease. Overhead he could see the stars come winking out, bright in the black-



## THE DURANGO KID

ness of the sky. He wondered idly if he would see those stars tomorrow night.

When he felt refreshed, he went trotting onto the flats. Somewhere out behind him, in the blackness rimming the sotol and the sage, the Apaches were coming, swiftly and steadily on their ponies. Gibbons knew he had one advantage: on foot, he would not loom high up against the horizon, as he would if he had been mounted. By taking advantage of the cactus and ocotillo, running from clump to clump so that he merged with their denser shadows, he might make it.

Now as he ran he could hear the drumming hoofs. They might not attack him at night—the Apaches, like most other Indians—rarely fought at night, believing that the spirit who came to guide them to the happy hunting grounds might not find them in the blackness, were they killed. But if they learned he had no bullets for the rifle he carried—

Gibbons put that thought away from him, and concentrated on running.

He came upon the wagon an hour after midnight. It still smoked, its charred ribs smouldering, a dull red showing here and there where the fire lingered.

Gibbons did not look at what remained of the two bodies on the ground. The Apaches had caught these men early yesterday, had amused themselves with torture for some hours, then had fired the wagon and run off the horses.

He hunted in the wreckage, and found black char from the ruins of the smoking wagon. Carefully he ran the soft black char over his hands and face, turning them as black as the night around him. Then he took new and fresher bits of char and rubbed it over his shirt and trousers.

"I'm as black as the night itself," he told the dead things on the ground. "They'll never see me now!"

He hunted for bullets, but the Apache search had been thorough. They had taken rifles and bullets, food and clothing.

Gibbons ran on.

It was an hour before dawn when the Apache found him. Gibbons was looking for a windfall or cave in which to spend the daytime hours. As he hunted, a grim figure rose up out of the night, reining in abruptly.

The thought came to Gibbons, even as he went off his feet at the Apache, that the redskin was more surprised to see him than Gibbons was to find the Apache barring his path. He was a short, stocky brave with wide shoulders that betrayed terrific physical strength. A red flannel headband ran about his dark black hair. High moccasins reached almost to his knees. His thighs were bare.

The Apache grunted as Gibbons rammed

into him, driving his head goatlike, forward into the Apache's belly. With a guttural "Whooof," the Apache tumbled backwards.

Gibbons was on him even as he hit the ground. His fingers went for the greasy throat, tangling in the long hair. He gulped in a lungful of air and his fingers found their grip and tightened.

The Apache writhed, clawing at those iron fingers, trying to rip them free so as to scream for help from his fellow tribesmen who were even then hunting for this man who sought his life. But there was maniacal strength in Zeke Gibbons in these dawn hours. He was fighting not only to stay alive, but to keep himself from the tortures that had made the name of Apache a dread one in the American southwest.

The Apache's struggles grew weaker. There was a dry rattling sounding in his throat. He shook spasmodically and his arms fell away. He lay there as Gibbons held his grip for another minute until he was positive that the man under him was dead.

Then he got to his knees, ripped loose the bandolier of brass cartridges and lifted the carbine the Apache had dropped.

He caught the Apache pony after a short chase, but did not mount him. Grasping the rope hackamore, he led him at a walk across the flats. "If I get up on him, those other braves may see me. If I let him go, they'll maybe find him, hunt for their missing friend, and then come hotfooting it after me!"

The first pink tints of dawn found Gibbons plodding across a sandy plain fifteen miles from the trading post. He halted to look behind him. The red sandstone bluffs loomed high in the distance.

Gibbons grinned, even though the effort hurt his dry lips. "Now let 'em catch me!" He swung onto the pony and kicked at its ribs.

Fresh, the wiry little bronc began to run. Gibbons let him go for a mile, then pulled him in to a slower pace. "No need to blaze daylight. Those 'Pache devils will have run up and down all night, trying to find me. They're in no shape to catch you. I've saved you for these last few miles. If they show, you can run your foul head off!"

Toward noon, he saw the Apaches trailing him, miles to the rear. He shook the reins, and the tough pony really ran. Gibbons laughed, as only a man can laugh who has touched death's cold fingers and lived to remember it.

Two miles away, he could see the log walls of the post. The Apaches would never get him now. He was safe.

Zeke Gibbons began to whistle. . .

THE END





HEY, SPIKE—  
D'YUH SEE WHUT  
I'M SEEBIN'?

HYAR WE COME  
LOOKIN' FER A HIDEOUT  
FER OUR STOLEN HOSSES.  
AN' LOOKIT WHUT WE  
FIND! BEST-HOSS O'THEM  
ALL! LET'S SNAG 'IM  
SPUD!

DUMB LUCK SOMETIMES ACCOMPLISHES WHAT BRAINS CAN NEVER DO! THE SLICKEST OWLHOOTS IN THE COUNTRY WOULD GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH FOR A CLUE TO **THE DURANGO KID'S** HIDEOUT... BUT IT TAKES TWO BLUNDERING HORSE-THIEVES TO STUMBLE ACROSS IT AND THUS KICK OFF THE SUSPENSEFULL, THRILL-FULL STORY OF

## "DURANGO'S STOLEN STEED!"



WOW! WOTTA  
SCRAP **THIS**  
BRONC'S PUTTIN'  
UP!

YEAH! BUT AIN'T HE A  
BEAUTY? HE'LL BRING  
PLENTY O' DIMEBO ACROSS  
THUH BORDER!



SHORE GOT US A HAUL  
THIS TRIP, SPIKE!

WHO SAID 'HOSS-  
STEALIN' DON'T PAY  
OFF? LUCK'S SHORE  
ON OUR SIDE!



# THE DURANGO KID



OH, YEAH? HOMBRES—YORE  
LUCK'S JEST CHANGED SIDES!  
REACH FER THUH SKY!

YEOWWW!  
THUH SHERIFF  
AN' A POSSE—  
IT'S A TRAP!



SAY! AIN'T THET—WHY IT IS!  
THET BRONC BELONGS TUH  
THUH DURANGO KID!



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN TOWN...

STEVIE! I JEST CAME BACK FROM  
THUH HIDEOUT—WENT OUT THAR TUM  
FEED RAIDER! HE AIN'T THAR!  
HE'S BEEN STOLEN! THAR WUZ MARKS  
OF A FIGHT—THEY MUSTA DRAGGED  
HIM OFF!



LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT TO GET ON THE TRAIL  
O' THOSE HORSE-THIEVES—AND WE'VE GOT  
TO CATCH UP WITH THEM BEFORE ANYBODY  
ELSE DOES! BLAZES—IT'LL TAKE  
SEVERAL YEARS TO TRAIN ANOTHER HORSE  
LIKE THAT!



HOLD IT,  
MULEY!  
LOOK—  
WE'RE  
TOO  
LATE!

OMIGOSH! THUH  
SHERIFF AN' A  
POSSE! THEY GOT  
THUH HOSS THIEVES  
—AN' **THEY GOT  
RAIDER, TOO!**



STAY FAR AWAY  
FROM RAIDER, MULEY!  
HE'LL RECOGNIZE US  
AND GIVE US AWAY!  
HOWDY, SHERIFF—  
FINE CATCH YOU'VE  
GOT THERE!

SHORE IS,  
STEVIE! KOTCHED  
TWO HOSS  
THIEVES, AN'  
WHUT'S MORE—  
WE GOT  
DURANGO'S  
BRONC, RAIDER!



WHAT'S  
GOING TO  
BE DONE  
WITH THOSE  
STOLEN  
HORSES,  
SHERIFF?

ACCORDIN' TUM LAW,  
STEVE, ANYBODY WHO  
KIN PROVE OWNER-  
SHIP KIN HAVE HIS  
BRONC BACK. AN'  
THEM BRONCS AS  
AIN'T CLAIMED,  
THEY'LL HAVE TUM  
BE **AUCTIONED  
OFF!**



# THE DURANGO KID

TO CLAIM RAIDER, DURANGO WOULD HAVE TO SHOW HE'S THE **LEGAL** OWNER—AND THAT'S **STEVE BRAND!** WE CAN'T DO THAT!

AN' IF YUH DON'T CLAIM HIM, HE'LL BE AUCTIONED OFF! MEBBE WE KIN **BUY** RAIDER AT THUH AUCTION...?

WE CAN'T DO THAT, EITHER. IF I BOUGHT HIM AT AUCTION, THEN **EVERYBODY** WOULD KNOW RAIDER BELONGS TO ME FROM THEN ON. DURANGO WOULD NEVER RIDE HIM AGAIN!

GOLLY! WHUT T'DO? WHUT T'DO?

ONLY ONE THING TO DO, MULEY—**TURN HORSE-THIEVES OURSELVES!**

YUH MEAN—LET SOME-**BODY ELSE** BUY RAIDER—AND THEN STEAL HIM BACK?



RIGHT! OF COURSE WE'LL LEAVE MONEY TO REIMBURSE THAT PERSON—BUT EVEN SO THAT WILL MAKE DURANGO OFFICIALLY AN **OUTLAW!** BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY! I MUST HAVE RAIDER BACK! NO OTHER HORSE CAN SERVE DURANGO!

**NEE! DAY!**

WAL, ALL THE HOSSES IS CLAIMED—EXCEPT DURANGO'S! I RECKON DURANGO **WONT** CLAIM, EITHER—'CAUSE THET WOULD REVEAL WHO HE IS! SHORE HATE TUH DO IT, BUT I'M GONNA HAVE TUH AUCTION 'N THIS HOSSE OFF!

ONE HUNDRED AN' FIFTY **SMACKARDS!**

I BID **THREE HUNDRED BUCKS!** AN' I AIM TUH GIT THET HOSSE!

WOW! AIN'T NOBODY KYAR KIN MATCH THET BID!



HE'S ALL YORES, BING JUDD! BUT YUH'RE GOIN' TUH TREAT 'M A LOT MORE GENTLE THAN THET!

DON'T TELL ME HOW TUH TREAT **MY** HOSSE, SHERIFF! COME ALONG, YUH BLASTED CAYUSE—**MOVE!**

SOMEBODY ROPE THIS CRITTER QUICK—AFORS HE **KILLS** ME!

SERVES 'M RIGHT—JERKIN' A HOSSE MOOSE LIKE THET!





# THE DURANGO KID

GOT 'IM!  
HE'S  
PLENTY  
STRONG  
THE  
HOSS!

HE'S A KILLER—BUT I'M  
GOIN' TUH TEACH HIM  
TUH BEHAVE! AN' LESSON  
ONE STARTS RIGHT NOW—  
GONNA GIVE 'IM A BEATIN'!  
HE'LL NEVER FORGET!



LAY OFF, JUDD!  
THEY'S NO WAY  
TUH HANDLE  
A HOSS!

EASY, STEVE,  
EASY—THUH  
SHERIFF'S  
HANDLIN' THE  
VARMINT!



CONTROL  
YORSELF,  
STEVE—  
WE'LL GIT  
OUR CHANCE  
LATER ON!

WE'D BETTER GET  
AWAY FROM HERE,  
MULEY—BEFORE I  
GIVE MYSELF AWAY  
COMPLETELY THAT  
ROTTEN HORSE-  
BEATER! TAKING  
RAIDER AWAY FROM  
HIM ISN'T  
STEALING, MULEY!



LATER THAT DAY—AT JUDD'S RANCH...

WAL, WE GOT 'IM HYAR!  
WHUT IN BLAZES YUH WANT  
'IM FER, JUDD? HE'S TOO  
ORNERY TUH RIDE!

DON'T  
AIM  
TUH  
RIDE  
'IM, MEN!



THEY HOSS IS GOIN' TUH  
BE **BAIT**—TUH TRAP  
DURANGO! DURANGO'S  
SHORE TUH COME AFTER  
'IM TONIGHT—AN THEY'E  
WHEN HE WALKS INTUH  
OUR TRAP!



YUP, WITH DURANGO OUTA  
THUH WAY, WE KIN DO ALL THE  
RUSTLIN' WE WANT! I'LL WANT  
A BUNCH O' MEN AROUND THIS  
CORRAL TONIGHT...



COMIN' OR GOIN' DURANGO'LL  
HAVE TO COME ALONG THIS ROAD!  
I'M POSTIN' YOU GUYS ALONG HYAR,  
KEEP HID—AN' SHOOT TUH KILL!



THAT  
NIGHT...

SO! THERE'S A GAUNTLET POSTED ALONG  
THIS ROAD! MAYBE THAT'S WHY JUDD BOUGHT  
RAIDER—TO TRAP ME! MAKES THINGS A  
LITTLE BIT TOUGHER, BUT...





# THE DURANGO KID

THIS TREE WILL DO! LUCKY I'VE TRAINED RAIDER FOR JUST SUCH SITUATIONS AS THESE. I'LL GIVE THE BIRD-CALL AND THEN I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT TO RAIDER TO DO THE REST!



THE PIERCING SCREAM OF A WILD BIRD SPLITS THE NIGHT

**HOODOOOO-WHEEE!**  
**HOODOOO-WHEEE!**



WHY'VE COME OVER THAT CRITTER? HE SNAPPED HIS ROPE! HURRY MEN—SNARE 'IM DOWN!



**HOODOO-WHEEE!**  
**HOODOO-WHEEE!**

**YOW!** THAT NAG'S GONE PLUMB CRAZY! SLAP LEATHER, MEN—GIT AFTER 'IM!



TRUE AS AN ARROW, RAIDER HEADS RIGHT FOR THE TREE...

HELLO, RAIDER! WE'VE GOT SOME RIDING TO DO, BOY!



**GANGWAY!** I'M COMING DOWN THIS ROAD—GAUNTLET OR NO GAUNTLET! RIGHT INTO THEM, RAIDER!... GOOD BOY! NOW—UP THAT EMBANKMENT...



THOUGHT I'D FIND SOMEBODY WAITING HERE! SURPRISE!





# THE DURANGO KID



PLAN TWO, RAIDER—  
PLAN TWO!  
ALLEY OOP!



THEY'LL HAVE A FINE TIME TRYING TO CATCH  
RAIDER. NOW—UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THAT  
COWARD, JUDD, WILL BE THE LAST RIDER...!



...AND I'M RIGHT! ...I'VE A  
COUPLE OF ACCOUNTS TO  
SETTLE WITH YOU, MISTER!



ACCOUNT NUMBER ONE!  
THIS SETTLES WHAT I OWE  
YOU FOR BEATING RAIDER  
WITH A  
STICK!

URPH!



ACCOUNT NUMBER TWO—THIS  
SETTLES WHAT I OWE YOU FOR  
TRYING TO MURDER DURANGO!  
...AH, AND HERE COMES RAIDER  
BACK AGAIN—LEAD THAT BUNCH  
CLEAR IN A CIRCLE! ...GOOD BOY!



COME NOW GENTS—YOU DON'T REALLY  
THINK YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH A HORSE  
LIKE RAIDER, DO YOU?



A MATTER  
OF MINUTES,  
AND JUDD'S  
MEN ARE  
LEFT FAR  
BEHIND...

OUT IN THE FREE AND OPEN AGAIN!  
WELL, RAIDER—WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A  
NEW HIDEOUT...  
AND A  
**BETTER**  
ONE! JUST  
CAN'T  
AFFORD  
TO LOSE YOU  
AGAIN...!

THE  
END



Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

# THE GREATEST RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!



**Fun...Thrills...Action**  
**see special coupon offer!**

This Christmas be one of the many lucky boys to get a set of realistic Lionel Trains. Here's how — start now by getting this thrilling, fun-filled 36-page Lionel catalogue in full color. It's complete with trains, accessories and track layout ideas. Show the trains you want to dad, ma — everybody. Send coupon for catalogue, plus a

1 1/2" double-faced phonograph record\* of steam train and Diesel sound effects. Plus 10 full-color realistic billboards. Do it now, see Lionel Trains — world's finest for over 50 years — in the catalogue, hear them in action on this wonderful record. Write for this big special offer now, or see catalogue at your dealer's.

*\*Plays on all 78 RPM phonographs except some low speeds or automatic changers.*

**SPECIAL COUPON OFFER  
ALL FOR 23¢**

See all the  
Lionel Trains  
and Accessories  
in Catalogue

**HEAR** Bells  
whistles  
horns on  
this railroad  
sound effects  
record.



**100  
FULL  
COLOR  
BILLBOARDS!**

**LIONEL TRAINS, Inc. Office Box 71,**

Madison Square Station, New York, 16, N. Y.

I enclose 23¢. Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue  
also, please include:

1. The new 36-page full-color Lionel catalogue.
2. The new 1 1/2" double-faced record of whistles, bells, horn and Diesel horns.
3. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# LOOK

## AT THESE

# 4 WONDER BARGAINS

### 1 ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

**REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES!**  
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAGE AND SCREEN...



LET'S CHARGE ADMISSION!

BOY, WHAT FUN!

WHERE ARE YOUR TWO BROTHERS?

**ALL FOR ONLY \$298**  
3 EXTRA FILMS..\$1.00

### 3 REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!

**READY FOR ACTION**  
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

DON'T PASS IT UP!

IT'S ONLY **\$298**

### 2 THE FAMOUS TUNE KING ACCORDION



**PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS**  
NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ MUSIC!  
NOW, NO PRACTICING OR EXERCISE NEEDED!

- PRECISION-MADE PIANO KEYBOARD
- LIFETIME VINYLITE BELLOW
- STURDY SHOULDER STRAP
- PLASTIC CASE

AND A **FREE INSTRUCTION BOOK**

THAT SCIENTIFICALLY MINIMIZES YOUR LEARNING TIME TO A FEW SHORT HOURS!

A GREAT BUY AT ONLY **\$349**

### 4 LIFE LIKE SANDY



HELLO!

I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

**and FREE**

**FREE A WAVE-A-DOLL HAIR KIT**

THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS  
SHE HAS WONDER SKIN - JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

IMAGINE ONLY **\$398**

ORDER FROM THIS COUPON

**NOVELTY MART Dept. 206**  
59 East 8th St., New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

Enclosing    Check or M. O.    C.O.D. plus postage

☐ Movie Projector **\$2.98**    ☐ Sewing Machine **\$2.98**  
☐ 3 Extra Films... **\$1.00**  
☐ Accordion... **\$3.49**    ☐ Sandy... **\$3.98**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**NOVELTY MART** 59 East 8th St., New York 3, N. Y.